

SONGS OF
SERGEANT SWANSON



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Chester, Michigan

SONGS OF
SERGEANT SWANSON



SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

By

WILLIAM F. KIRK

Author of "THE NORSK NIGHTINGALE"



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To Dorothy



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SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

HERMAN

Ay used to know a Yerman
Back home in Ninety-two.
He joined dese Sons of Herman —
His name ban Herman, tu.
He played in little Yerman Band
And say he love his Faderland.

Ven dis big var first coming
To Yermany he go.
He say ven things ban humming
A Yerman band ban slow.
He tenk dis Kaiser have big odds
If he have Herman's help and God's.

Ve caught some Yerman geezers
In trench raid yesterday.
In dis har crew ban Herman, tu,
Ay know him mile away!
Ay say to him, "Hello, old pal!"
"Hello!" say Herman. "Var ban Hal!"

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

DIS STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Sax years Ay ban living in old U. S. A.
And alvays ban vorking and getting gude
pay.

^ Ay tal all my friends Ay ban happy to
be

In dis land of the brave and dis home of
the free!

Ay tal all my friends, ven of Sveden dey
brag,

Dis Star-Spangled Banner ban yolly gude
flag!

Ay tenk ven Ay vatch it vay op in the
sky

Ven first Ay come over dis new land to
try,

Dis flag ban look down kind of smiling
and say

“Ay tenk yu skol love me and help me
some day!”

Ay ban a green Svede, but vay down in
my heart

Ay feel dis har banner skol playing big
part!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

So now Ay ban fighting dese Yermans, old
pal,

And ven Ay ban started Ay hustle lak Hal!

Ay tenk dis flag know me and sing in the
sky,

And say "Ve skol vinning dis var bye and
bye!"

Ay fight twice as hard ven Ay look op
and see

Dis Star-Spangled Banner ban banking
on me!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

Yump over the top! Yump over the top!
Yump into dese Yermans and making dem
drop!

Ay tal yu dese Svedes skol mak yolly gude
show

Lak dey fight for old Gustavus long time
ago!

Ven a Yerman bump into a mad Svede, old
pal,

He last yust so long lak ice cream in Hal!

Yump over the top! Yump over the top!
Dese cannons go Boom and dese rifles go
Pop.

Dese Yermans ban knowing ve ban a
tough batch —

One Svede to sax Yermans ban purty gude
match.

And Ay bet yu dese Yermans know some-
teng skol drop

Ven Olesons and Swansons go over the top!

Yump over the top! Yump over the top!
Yust mak dis old Kaiser to closing up
shop!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

Dis Kaiser ban starting to murder and
rob —

Dese Svedes and dese Yankees skol give
him new yob.

Dey know he ban breaking his promise on
throne,

And soon dey skol give him gude yob
breaking stone!

Over the top!

Over the top!

Old Kaiser Vilhelm ban going to drop!

THE YERMAN YERM

Dar ban some funny little worms —
Dese doctor fallers call dem yerms.
Dey say dese yerms ban purty quick
To fill yure blood and mak yu sick.
Ay tenk of all dese yerms vich crawl
Dis Yerman yerm ban vorst of all!

Dis Yerman yerm say “Go in town
And burn all God’s gude churches down
And wrong all women yu skol see
And hang old men on tallest tree
And kill the sick and the infirm!
And BABIES!” say dis Yerman yerm!

Dar ban yust one sure thing ve know —
Dis Yerman yerm skol have to go!
Dis world skol never be fair place
So long as it can show its face!
Dese Allies skol stand pat and firm
Till ve ban kill dis Yerman yerm!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

YUMP, BOYS! YUMP!

Yump, boys! Yump!

Ve skol have dem up a stump

Ef ve fight, fight, fight!

Every day and every night!

Yust so sure as God ban King

Dis har Kaiser ve skol sting!

Ef dis Kaiser keep his place

God ban mocking human race!

Yoin, boys! Yoin!

Quit yure yobs vich pay gude coin!

Ven yu got God's vork to du

Vat in Hal ban coin to yu?

Never mind vat slackers say

'Bout dese yobs vith fancy pay.

Dar ban only one Man's Yob—

BEATING DIS HAR YERMAN MOB!

Yump, boys! Yump!

Kaiser Vilhelm ban a chump!

Even if his fist ban hard

Vilhelm's head ban full of lard!

Ven he putting on his hat

Dis har hat ban full of fat!

He skol sune get awful bump!

Yump, boys! Yump!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

OTTO BRICKSTEIN

“Vat for ban bugles blowing loud?” said
Ole-on-the-Yob.

“To vake yu op!” his pal he say. “Yu
ban a sleepy slob!”

“Vat for yu vant to vake me op?” young
Ole he skol say.

“To see dis Otto Brickstein. He ban get-
ting his to-day!

Dey ban hanging Otto Brickstein
on scaffold gude and high.

He ban hanging 'round vith
Allies — he ban a Yerman spy.
He tal dis Yudge ‘Gudemorning’
— dis Yudge tal him ‘Gude-
bye!’

Dey ban hanging Otto Brickstein
in the morning!”

“Ay lak to getting little sleep!” say Ole-
on-the-Yob.

“Last night Ay drenk a little yin and
got gude ache in knob.”

“All right,” his pal say, “go to sleep,
yu lazy, loafing chump!”

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

But Ay skol stay avake and see ven
Otto tak dis yump.

Dey ban hanging Otto Brickstein.

It mak him blue lak Hal.

Dis Kaiser give him Iron Cross and
tal him 'Gudebye, Pal!'

Ef Kaiser ban in danger yu vould
hearing awful yal!

Dey ban hanging Otto Brickstein
in the morning!"

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

OFFICER OLE

Officer Ole ban feeling tired —

He ban on the march since ten.

Dese vasons stick, and horses get mired,

And it ban tough vork for men.

Finally Officer Ole get sore

And say “Ay an’t going to march no
more!”

He sit right down on gude big log

And vatching the gang go by.

He say he don’t lak to quit lak dog

But he ban too tired to try.

He say “Ay s’pose yu skol making
roar

But Ay yust an’t going to march no
more!”

So the rest of us have to march away

And leave poor Ole behind.

Den Yermans ban coming and someone
say

“Ole ban change his mind!”

And down dis road come my old pal

And Officer Ole ban running lak Hal!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

“Ay thought yu ban going to march no
more!”

Ay say ven he coming near.

“Ay thought yure legs ban so tired and
sore

Yu skol march no more for a year!”

And he say, when he pass us on the
yump,

“Ef yu call dis marching, yu ban a
chump!”

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

MINNEHAHA

Ven Ay rest in camp dis morning
Ay ban borrowing book from soldier
Vich he borrowed tu, he tal me.
It ban all about dese Inyuns
And its name ban "Hiawatha"
And it tal about a river
And dese Falls of Minnehaha.

Den Ay shut my eyes a minute
And remember one nice summer
Ven Ay soldier at Fort Snelling
Near dese Falls of Minnehaha
Vich ban out in old Mansota.
It ban dar Ay meet a lady —
She ban blond — her name ban Minnie
And Ay tenk did Minnie love me
So Ay blow my pay all Summer
In dese shows and ice cream parlors
Out near Falls of Minnehaha.
'And at last, ven Ay ask Minnie
Ef she lak me for a husband
Minnie she skol give me Ha Ha
And go back to Minneapolis.
"Yu ban chump to fall for Minnie!"
Say dese Falls of Minnehaha.

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

YENERAL YOHNSON

Yohnson ban corporal, lazy and fat,
Talking all day but he talk t'ru' his hat.
"Ven Ay ban Yeneral Yohnson," he say,
"All of yu fallers skol getting gude pay.
All of yu fallers skol resting all day!

"Ven Ay ban Yeneral Yohnson," he say,
"Ay skol yust chasing dese Yermans away!
Op on white horse Ay skol looking so
grand
All dese har Yermans skol losing their
sand.
Den Ay skol running dis whole yolly
show
Yust lak Yeorge Vashington long time
ago.
Ay skol vin fights and mak Yermany pay
Ven Ay ban Yeneral Yohnson," he say.

Yohnson ban taking us over the top
Yesterday noon and our Captain skol
drop.
Ven ve run back into trenches a-flying
Yohnson he stick var our Captain ban
lying.

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

Yohnson skol carry him back to the
trench —

Captain an't hurt much — he set op on
bench.

“Ven Ay ban Yeneral —” Yohnson he
say,

And Corporal Yohnson skol passing away.

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

YANKEE DOODLE

Ay ban Svede, but Ay tal yu
Ay ban Yankee Doodle, tu!
'All t'ru' dis har yolly yam
Ay skol fight for Uncle Sam!
Long ago Ay come to see
Dis har Country of the Free
And it ban gude home for me.

It ban har Ay mak first penny —
It ban har Ay marrying Yennie.
It ban har, ven roses blow,
Little Olaf come and go.
Ef he ban har now, Ay know
He vud love dis country tu
And dis red and white and blue!

'Ay an't ban a Svede no more —
Ay ban Yankee down to core!
Yust three tengs Ay tenk ban grand —
God and Yennie and Yankeeland!
After while, ven ve skol go,
Little Olaf he skol know
Yust how dear dis Land of Free
Ban to Yennie and to me!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

THE GAS MASK

Old Yohnson — his first name ban Yohn —
Skol talk lak blazes, off and on.
Yohn ban a private. Ay got notion
He talk too much to get promotion.
He know how long to wery day
Dis var ban going to last, he say.
He know, he say, yust to a dot
How many guns dese Yermans got.
He say “ Ay ’m onto dese har Dutch —
Dey can’t fool me. Ay know tu much! ”

The oder fallers all feel bum
Ven dey see old Yohn Yohnson come.
And yust so sune as he see Yohn
Each faller put his gas mask on!
Dey keep dese masks on gude and tight
Till Yohn skol tal the gang Gude night.
Dey say “ Yohn Yohnson he ban ass
And all his talk ban yust lak gas! ”
Ay tenk a gas mask vork lak peach
Ven Congressmen ban making speech!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

YENNIE YONES

Yennie Yones, Ay mak dis verse
To my little Red Cross nurse.
Yu ban doing all yu can
Yust so brave as any man!

Yoan of Arc ban brave, of course,
Ven she ride on big white horse.
She ban living long ago
When War ban lak circus show.

War an't ban no circus now —
Not dis har War, anyhow.
Not one cheer for Yennie Yones —
All she ever hear ban groans.

Red Cross girls — dey all ban brave.
Men skol kill and dey skol save.
Op in Heaven dese golden thrones
Ban for girls lak Yennie Yones!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

PETE PETERSON

Pete Peterson ban Sergeant now
And he ban starting yolly row.

He get too fresh and yump on me —
Ay ban a Sergeant tu, yu see.

He com along in nice new suit
And say, “Swan Swanson, yu salute!”

Ay tal him “It ban op to yu
Because Ay ban a Sergeant tu!”

“Yu skol salute me first!” say he
“Ef yu ban yentleman lak me!”

Ay say “Ay ’m Sergeant sax months
past
And so Ay skol salute yu last!”

Den he salute me, and Ay s’pose
He put his thumb too near his nose.

Dey feed me now on water and bread
But Sergeant Pete, he eat in bed!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

TEN-CENT CIGARS

Inwentors of printing ban grand —

Inwentors of talking ban fine!

But man who inwented dese ten-cent cigars,

He stand op at head of the line!

Last night Ay ban lying in trench

And feeling dese yolts and dese yars

Ven a geezer go by and catching my eye

And give me two ten-cent cigars!

Ay find me a match quick enough

And den Ay look op at dese stars

And don't feeling tough ven Ay taking a
puff

At one of dese ten-cent cigars!

Ay ban kind of tough all my life

Since Ay ban 'bout ten or eleven,

And so Ay don't know ef Ay got any show

For yumping from har op to Heaven.

But Ay thank the gude faller who sent

Dese ten-cent cigars over sea,

And ef Ay can smoke dese cigars till Ay
choke

It ban near enough Heaven for me!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

DODGING

Ven Ay ban young, 'bout ten years old,
Ay got stiff neck from catching cold.
And den it used to seem to me
My neck ban purty stiff, by yee!

But now Ay ban a soldier man
And know yust what a stiff neck ban!
My neck ban stiff lak stiff board valls
From dodging dese har cannon balls.

Ven Ay ban little kid in school
Ay used to dodging teacher's rule.
But now Ay ban brave soldier man
And know what dodging really ban!

Lak geezers bowing ven dey pray
Ay bow sax t'ousand times a day.
And ven dese bullets fly t'ru' air
Dese vords Ay say an't ban no prayer!

So ef yu see me some nice day
And Ay don't bow lak preachers pray
Yu'll know ven Ay don't bow my head
Ay got stiff neck from dodging lead.

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

PRIVATE PETE

Dis Private Pete ban funny guy
Who yoin us fallers last Yuly.
Ven he ban hurt or sick or broke
He act yust lak it ban a yoke.

He yoke all day and laugh and seng —
He mak a yoke of everyteng.
Ven some big yeneral come near place
Pete say “Here comes old Frozen Face.”

Pete say to die for flag ban fine
And say “Ay tenk Ay ’ll live for mine.
Ay got varm heart but got cold feet
Ven bullets fly!” say Private Pete.

But yesterday ven fallers go
Over the top at Yerman foe
Dey fight so hard dis foe retreat
And no man fight lak Private Pete!

He com back, tu, and say “Old pal,
Ay sent sax Yerman guys to Hal
And some day soon Ay tenk Ay ’ll meet
Dese Yerman guys!” say Private Pete.

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

THE YERMANS

Who used to tenk dis War ban great?

The Yermans.

Who used to sing dis song of hate?

The Yermans.

Who start to march and capture France
And say "Dese English got no chance
And ve skol make dese Frenchmen dance?"

The Yermans.

Who bite off more dan dey skol chew?

The Yermans.

Who find that tengs look purty blue?

The Yermans.

Who ban at sea in leaky boat
And find gude lump com op in throat
Ven Uncle Sam take off his coat?

The Yermans.

Who did all dis har Kaiser's dirt?

The Yermans.

Who squeal lak Hal ven dey ban hurt?

The Yermans.

Who get gude lesson every day
And after war ban going to pay
Dese Allies and dis U. S. A.?

The Yermans!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

OLD MAN YENKINS

Old Man Yenkins ban hot old sport
Who settle his bills in Yustice Court.
He ban so stingy people say
Dey have to sue him to getting pay.
Old Man Yenkins ban rich as a Yew
And got a million in farm land, tu.
And so one day dey hear him say
“ Ay tenk Ay skol help dis U. S. A. !
Ay skol help dese fallers across big pond
So Ay skol buy me a Liberty Bond ! ”

And so he open old box of tin
And fifty dollars he blow right in !
At first dey tenk he skol have a fit
But Old Man Yenkins he do his bit.
He buy dis bond lak a gude old soul
And put big flag in his button-hole.
“ Ay skol do my part, by yee ! ” say he,
“ For dis land of Brave and dis home of
Free ! ”

Ef Old Man Yenkins ban gude old sport
Den Hal ban first-class summer resort !

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

YENERAL FOCH

Yeneral Vashington, long ago,
Fight lak blazes and trim dis foe.
Yeneral Grant and Yeneral Lee
Ban great yenerals tu, by yee!
Yeneral Sherman say War ban Hal
But Sherman ban gude brave Yeneral.
Maester Napoleon Bonaparte
Have a fox's brain and a lion's heart.
Yeneral Yohnson an't take no bluff
And Stonevall Yackson, he ban hot stuff!
But Ay know fighters, and Ay tal yu
Dis Yeneral Foch ban a fighter, tu!

Ven dis big War ban history stuff
And Yermans tenk dey skol have enough,
Dis Yeneral Foch skol have big name
And planty of dis har stuff called Fame.
Ay tal him so yust the oder day
And he tal me in French "The Hal yu
say!"

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

DIS HAR CROWN PRINCE

Dis har Crown Prince an't much to blame
For part he ban playing in Yerman game.
Lak lots of geezers vich look for throne
His head ban solid and mostly bone.
Ven he ban a stupid Yerman kid
He never got spanked for tengs he did
And dese har courtiers standing by
Skol always tal him "Yu ban some guy!"
And dis Crown Prince feel bold as brass
And tak gude look in his looking glass.
And he say to himself "Salute the King!"
And grin in dis looking glass, and sing,
And say "Ay skol sune be King, Ay hope,
'Cause my old man ban an awful dope!"

Yu always notice when Fame ban won
It an't ban won by a great man's son.
My old man ban purty smart, by yee!
But my old man never ban great, lak me!
And dis har Kaiser ban great man now —
Dese Yermans die for him, anyhow!
So ven great men's sons ban mostly bone
It look purty blue for dis Yerman throne!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

SONNET ON SOLDIERING

Yu hear dis bugle call at break of day
And it skol call yust ven yu dream of home
And yu skol vash yure face and grab yure
comb

And yump to put dis breakfast fude away.
Yu dodge nice shot fired by some Yerman
yay

Vich purty near ban wentilate yure dome
And wish yu ban in New York Hippo-
drome

Vith yure best girl. And den the vorld
look gray!

Yu bet the vorld look gray! Dis fighting
yob

Ban fine to read about and tough to do!
Yu vish dis Kaiser and his Yerman mob
Ban down var dese har devils have hot
stew.

And den yu vonder, tenking 'bout back
home,

Who ban vith Yennie now at Hippodrome?

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

KNIGHTS OF OLD

Dese knights of old,
So ve ban told,
 Ban first-class fighting men.
Old Richard Third
He ban a bird
 And fight if boss say when.

Old Ivanhoe
He an't ban slow
 And mak men drop in tracks.
He have keen eye
And ban mean guy
 Vith dis har battle-axe.

King Harold, tu,
Skol scrap a few
 Ven knighthood ban in flower.
He hit his foes
Gude smash on nose
 And foes stay out an hour.

Dese knights of old
Ban gude and bold,
 But never have to go
T'ru' shot and shal
And gas and Hal
 To take gude smash at foe!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

Dar ban brave knights
To-day in fights
And my gal Steena say,
Vith knights lak me
Dis Land of Free
Skol put dese Dutch away!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

DESE IRISH

Who ban a funny kind of bunch?

Dese Irish!

Who always getting some new hunch?

Dese Irish!

Who kick and sqveal and mak big bluff

And say dey an't got rights enough

But fight lak Hal ven tengs look tough?

Dese Irish!

Who ban so stubborn lak a mule?

Dese Irish.

Who always talk about Home Rule?

Dese Irish.

Who lak to fight and get black eye

And who skol holler ven dey die

Ef dey don't find Home Rule in sky?

Dese Irish!

But who ban always Freedom's boys?

Dese Irish.

Who tenk dese scraps ban dearest yoys?

Dese Irish.

Ven Hal ban popping low and high

And Yermans for our trenches try

Who skol Ay lak to have close by?

Dese Irish!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

TO COLUMBIA

O Columbia, dis Yem of the Ocean!
Ay mak little song yust for yu!
All gude Svedes skol second the motion
Because dey ban loving yu true!
In Nort' and in dis South Dakota
Yu gave us the best ve could get
And lots of gude Svedes in Mansota
Skol fight for Old Glory, yu bet!

O Columbia, dis Yem of the Ocean!
Ay fight my Yim-darnedest for yu
And tenk Ay skol get gude promotion
Before dis har scrapping ban through.
Ay luv yu lak mother luv baby
And dat ban big luv, yes, by yee!
Ay live in Columbia — and maybe
Ay skol die for dis Land of the Free!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln — he an't ban a Svede—
It say he ban Yankee, in books vich Ay
read.

He an't ban gude looking, his legs ban tu
tall

But Abraham Lincoln ban greatest of all!

Folks skol have slaves in days long ago
Vich vork gude and hard and an't getting
no dough.

Ay lak gude hard vork vich making me
sveat

But ven it come 'round Ay lak payday, yu
bet!

Abraham Lincoln skol say to dese guys,
“Dese slaves an't got minute to look op
at skies.

Ay tenk dey got right to wacation in Yune
Lak Villiams or Valker or any swell coon!”

So Abraham Lincoln ban setting dem free
And now dey have payday lak yu and lak
me.

Ef Ay ban a coon and Ay have a fine baby
Ay bet yu my life Ay skol naming him
Abie!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

Dis Kaiser skol lak to mak slaves of us all
But ban bumping his head into yolly stone
vall!

And Abraham Lincoln look down from the
skies

And mak a gude bet on American guys!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

TO UNCLE SAM

Ay skol back yu to the end,

Uncle Sam.

Yu ban gude old Yankee friend,

Uncle Sam.

Ay skol going over top

Till ve mak dese Yermans stop —

Ay skol fighting till Ay drop,

Uncle Sam!

Dis Yeorge Cohan sing vith yoy,

Uncle Sam,

“Ay ban Yankee Doodle Boy!”

Uncle Sam.

Dis Yeorge Vashington can't sing

Back in days ven he fight King

But yu bet his sword skol sting,

Uncle Sam!

Dis ban all vich Ay skol write,

Uncle Sam.

Ay skol drop my pen and fight,

Uncle Sam.

Yust so long as Ay skol stand

Ay skol fight dis Yerman band!

God bless yu and Yankeeland,

Uncle Sam!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

LITTLE YULIA

Little Yulia write to me
Var Ay ban across big sea.

Yulia write me "Save yure pay —
Ve skol marry some fine day."

Yulia she ban sax years old
But she got gude eye for gold.

She ban old enough to know
Getting married needs some dough.

So she write me "Save yure pay —
Ve skol marry some fine day."

Val, dis ban best vay, Ay s'pose,
For yung lady to propose.

Ven she lose her baby curls
And get wise lak older girls

Maybe she skol help to blow
All Ay save of dis har dough.

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

A SONG OF ACTION

Keep dese Yermans yumping
Every chance yu got!
Keep dese rifles pumping!
Keep dese cannon hot!
Mak dem break lak bubble,
Dis har Kaiser's crew!
Dey ban look for trouble —
It ban op to yu!

Keep dese Yermans yumping
Till dey fall in tracks.
Show how Yanks keep humping
Lak in Seventy-sax!
Every time smoke raises
Yust keep shooting, pal!
Give dese Yermans blazes!
Give dese Dutchmen Hal!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

CORPORAL CLANCY

Dis har Yim Clancy ban so tough
All fallers give him room enough.
He ban so tough Ay ban afraid
To give him yob vith pick or spade.
Ven oder fallers dig in trench
He tal me " Ay skol play the bench!
Ay lak to see some roundhead yay
Tal me to vork!" Yim Clancy say.

Ay never see a man so tough
And Ay seen plenty tough enough!
He say " Ef all dis corn beef fails
Ay 'll eat sax pounds of shingle nails!
Ef shingle nails ban hard to get
Ay skol eat railroad spikes, yu bet!"
His chin ban sqvare, his neck ban rough —
Oh, yes, Yim Clancy he ban tough!

But last night boys ban singing song
'Bout dis har trail vich ban long, long!
At first Yim Clancy he get pale
Ven dey skol sing " Dar's a long, long
trail!"

Ay find him after he ban hid,
And he ban crying, yust lak kid!
He say to me " Gudenight, old pal —
To-morrow Ay skol fight lak Hal!"

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

DIS HAR CANTEEN

Dis har Canteen in gude old days
Ven Ay ban soldier in Fort Snelling,
It ban fixed op in saxty vays
To boost dis booze vich dey ban selling.
But Ay skol lak to tal yu how
Dis har Canteen ban different now.

Dar ban no tough guy tending bar
Lak in old days ven tough bartenders
Skol shake yu dice for gude cigar
And win yure pay and yure suspenders!
Since dis har Fight ban going thick
Dis new Canteen ban purty slick.

Dar ban nice ladies, svell and sweet,
To give yu smile lak anyel give.
Dar ban no rail to rest yure feet,
But yu got better chance to live!
Yu get gude coffee now instead
Of gude old Rye vich knock yu dead!

In gude old days yu never see
Tough soldier faller in Canteen
Taking gude drenk of milk or tea
Vich he skol get from purty qveen.
But now, ven ve skol rise from bed,
Our eyes ban blue instead of red!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

“YIMMIE” YACKSON

Yimmie Yackson com to me
Yesterday and say, say he:
“Dis har game ban purty tough
And Ay ’m sick, all right enough!
Both my knees skol bend, old scout,
Yust lak yack-knife all vorn out.
Ay don’t care ef Ay ban sick —
Ay skol stick!”

Yimmie Yackson don’t tal lie —
He ban sick enough to die.
He ban thin lak long thin rail
And his face skol grow so pale
Lak a face yu see in yail.
But ven doctor tal him “Qvit!”
Yimmie Yackson tal him “Nit!
Ay ban gude for one more trick —
Ay skol stick!”

And to-day, at half-past sax,
Yimmie fall right in his tracks.
He ban gone. And ven he vaits
Op at dese har Pearly Gates
Var gude fallers all ban thick,
He skol stick!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

IN THE AIR

To-day Ay go in aeroplane —
It ban first time Ay yump in sky.
It go so fast lak railroad train
And maybe t'ousand times as high.
Ay ban lak lots of oder men —
Ay hate to go op high in air,
But faller tal me "Yump in, Sven!
And ve skol sail to Golden Stair!"

Ven ve ban op sax t'ousand feet
My feet ban cold lak iceman's hands
And yiminy! How my heart skol beat
Lak gude bass drum in dese brass bands!
Ay vork in mine long time ago —
It ban tough yob and Ay don't love it,
But mile down under ground, Ay know,
Ban nicer yob dan mile above it!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

A TRENCH DREAM

Ay ban dreaming of my home

In Duluth,

Ven Ay used to take gude roam

In Duluth.

Over har it ban tough yob

Fighting dis har Yerman mob.

Once Ay ban a happy slob

In Duluth.

Ay ban leaving little gal

In Duluth.

Now Ay s'pose she got new pal

In Duluth.

She skol write me it ban tough

And she say she 's blue enough

But dar ban a lot of bluff

In Duluth.

So Ay 'm dreaming of my Yane

In Duluth,

And Ay 'd lak to yump off train

In Duluth.

Maybe she stay home and sob

And turn down Yack and Yim and Bob

But Ay tenk dis ban tough yob

In Duluth.

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

YENERAL YOFFRY

Ef Ay ban Yeneral Yoffry now
 Instead of yust a sergeant geezer,
Ay skol be raising yolly row
 And lead my men lak Yulius Caesar.

Ay know dar ban some Yeneral man
 Who used to tenk he ban a vinner.
He lead his men op hill and den
 He lead men down again for dinner.

But ef Ay ban a Yeneral man
 Ay 'd leading men op hill all right
'And den Ay 'd say "Right har ve stay
 Till Hal ban freezing gude and tight!"

Ay 'd find dis Kaiser anyhow
 And handing him gude yolt on beezer,
But Ay an't ban a Yeneral now —
 Ay only ban a sergeant geezer.

Ay tenk Ay show some speed, by yee!
 Ay tenk Ay trim dis Yerman mob
Ef Yeneral Yoffry he ban me
 And Ay have Yeneral Yoffry's yob!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

YUST YUSTICE

Yust Yustice — dis ban all ve ask
For all gude fallers on dis earth.
Each man ban glad to do his task
And yump for all vich he ban vorth.
Each faller feel, 'vay down in heart,
It ban gude scheme to keep on yumping,
And every day he tak new start
As long as dis har heart ban pumping.

Us fighting fallers, ve don't feel
As if dis game of Var ban Circus.
Ve have to yump around lak chump
And it ban Hal the vay dey vork us;
But ve ban sure, 'vay down in hearts,
Dat ve ban fighting for the veak,
And Life skol be more sweet, by yee!
Ven dese har Kings skol tak a sneak!

Yust Yustice — dat ban all ve vish
And so ve sit in rain on benches
And hear dese cannon balls go svish!
And get cold feet in dese har trenches.
Ven all dis vorld ban free at last
And all dese Kings ban on the hummer,
Den ve skol know all Vars ban past
And Life skol be yust one sweet Summer!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

FREE VERSE

Ve got a faller har in camp,
He tal me he ban write Free Werse.
He say he used to ban a tramp
And tal me riches ban a curse.
He show me poem he skol write
After ve drive some Yermans back.
He read dis poem to me last night —
Ay tenk he give me gas attack!

Dar ban no rhyme, dar ban no time —
It ban yust prose chopped op lak Hal.
He call it "Seeking the Sublime!"
"My Muse," say he, "ban Mysti-cal!"
He say Free Werse ban all New Thought
Vich keep his Muse from making tunes.
Ef Ay skol tal him vat Ay ought,
Ay 'd say his Muse ban full of prunes!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

A BALLADE OF BOMBS

'Ay know hard bumps, Ay bet Ay du!
'Ay tenk since Ay ban kid at play
Dat Ay ban mostly black and blue
Because my luck ban run dis vay.
All dese hard knocks vich human clay
Ban heir to, lots of times Ay take,
But since Ay 'm har, Ay lak to say
Yu bet dese bombs skol take the cake!

Last night ven all my vork ban t'ru',
'And Ay ban going to the hay,
Ay tenk Ay tak a smoke or two
'Ay get from faller yesterday.
Ay tak gude puff and feel qvite gay
Ven all of sudden com big shake!
Ay drop lak dis har One Hoss Shay!
Yu bet dese bombs skol take the cake!

'And Ole Oleson get it, tu!
He lak to svear but start to pray!
Ay tenk it take sax qvarts of glue
To patch him op so he skol stay.
Ven Ay get orders, Ay obey
And rake poor Ole op vith rake,
And send him back to U. S. A.
Yu bet dese bombs skol take the cake!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

Ay lak to catch some Yerman yay
Com sneaking op lak big fat snake!
Ay 'll blow him straight to Yudgment Day!
Yu bet dese bombs skol take the cake!

ON THE YUMP

On the yump!

Fight and sing!

Ve skol dump

Dis Yerman King!

The Master say long time ago,
Ven he ban talking sveet and low:
“ Let little children play,” say He,
“ Suffer dese children to com to Me! ”
Dis Kaiser say “ My foes ban curst —
Kill dese vimmen and children first! ”
Ven Ay ban young Ay used to say
Dar ban no Hal, but Ay tenk to-day
Dar ban 'bout saxteen red-hot Hals
For Kaiser Vilhelm and his pals!

On the yump!

Fight and sing!

Ve skol dump

Dis Yerman King!

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

YULY

It ban on saxteenth of Yuly
Ven Captain Yinks skol passing by.
Dis Captain Yinks he ban a beaut
And look at me ven Ay salute.
“Val, Sergeant Swanson,” den he say,
“Ay tenk dis har ban dam’ hot day!”
And ven Ay try to tal him why
Dis sun ban hot vay op in sky
Ay look at him and say “Yuly!”

Den Captain Yinks he look at me
Lak my vife look at half-past three
Ven Ay com home from Eagle Lodge.
He look so ugly Ay skol dodge!
He tal me “What ban biting yu
To call me liar? Yu big stew
Ay tenk yu must ban full of brew!”
And den Ay tal him Ay skol try
To say dis month it ban Yuly.
And den he laugh lak he skol cry
And say “Ay vish yu Svedish skates
Could learn to talk United States!”

SONGS OF SERGEANT SWANSON

TO VOODROW VILSON

Dear President, Ay lak to say
Yu ban grand boss of U. S. A.
Ven dese har Yermans getting gay
 Yu call deir bluff!

All dese har tengs yu say ban grand
But little child skol understand
And since from Sveden first Ay land,
 Ay read yure stuff.

Ay read yure stuff and den Ay know
Vy Yankee fallers luv you so!
Yure vords ban plain and dis har foe
 Dey stab lak knife.

Ay don't know English wery val
But ven Ay read vat yu skol tal,
Den Ay skol fight for you, old pal!
 Yu bet yure life!

Yu keep yure head and yu keep cool
Lak ven yu used to teaching school.
Dis Kaiser sit on dunce's stool
 Ven yu mak speech.

Yu got a lot of tengs to du
For dis har Red and White and Blue
So Ay skol close. Gude luck to yu!
 Yu ban a peach!







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